

\$1000.00 in Prizes for the Best Titles

See Page 22

Life



TO BE USED
IN CASE OF
FIRE ONLY

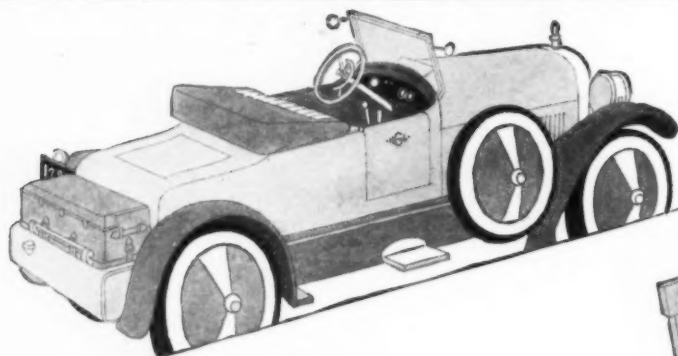


P. Crosby

JUNE 7, 1923

The Firebug

PRICE 15 CENTS



MASON CORDS

WHAT profound satisfaction a woman finds in driving her car equipped with Mason Cords. How thankfully does she realize that no thought of tires will intrude to mar the days enjoyment. How grateful is she for that *true value* which reflects itself in unobtrusive, dependable, mile-after-mile tire performance.



Branches in Principal Cities

THE MASON TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, KENT, OHIO



GORHAM

TROPHIES IN STERLING SILVER

Although the Conventional Trophy is a Loving Cup, dignified souvenir of success in sport, there is a growing interest in other objects.

A suitably inscribed Tray is becoming more and more popular, as it is appropriate, distinguished and out of the ordinary. Gorham designers have created many interesting Trophies of the highest quality, not the highest price, sold by established responsible jewelers everywhere throughout the country

Sterling Silver for everybody

FIFTH AVENUE AND 36TH STREET ~ ~ NEW YORK



(TRADE MARKS)



Good Food? Yes Good exercise? NO

TEETH were meant to work hard; gums are healthiest when massaged in masticating rough food. And this soft modern food of ours gives little work to your teeth and even less exercise to your gums.

Does your tooth-brush "show pink"?

Because the gums get so little stimulation, they are, in late years, growing soft and flabby, and tooth troubles, due to weak gums—and most of them are—show a decided and alarming increase.

The dental profession is awake to the situation—nearly 3,000 have written to tell us how they combat soft and tender gums by the use of Ipana Tooth Paste.

In stubborn cases, they prescribe a gum-massage with Ipana after the ordinary cleaning with Ipana and the brush. For Ipana Tooth Paste, because of the presence of Ziratol, has a decided tendency to strengthen soft gums and keep them firm and healthy.

Ipana is a tooth paste that's good for your gums as well as your teeth. Its cleaning power is remarkable and its taste is unforgettably good. Send for a sample today.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

Bristol-Myers Co.
73 Rector St.
New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....
State.....



Rhymed Reviews

The Rise and Fall of Prohibition

By Charles Hanson Towne. The Macmillan Co.

THAT gay knight-errant, Charley Towne,
Without reproach, above suspicion,
Removes the smile, assumes the frown,
And goes and tells on Prohibition:

It's tyranny and utter rot,
A baleful blight, an imposition,
A pest, the worm that dieth not
And endless gloom, this Prohibition.

While heroes battled far from here,
A dark and furtive coalition
Suppressed their whisky, stole their beer
And left them Pop and Prohibition.

They've told us what we must not drink,
And soon we'll have to beg permission
Before we read, or speak, or think,
For that's the way of Prohibition.

Yet shoals of bootleg trucks and ships
Ameliorate our dry condition;
And flasks of gin on youthful hips
Have made a mock of Prohibition.

And though, for lack of cash enough,
A sot reforms, pray, good logician,
When lads and maidens swill the stuff,
Where lies the gain for Prohibition?

It leads our citizens to bribe
And break the law without contrition;
It fosters graft, and swells the tribe
Of spies and sneaks, this Prohibition.

And if so soon I reach a stop,
'Tis not for lack of ammunition;
But when was Genius nursed on Pop?
Apollo's curse on Prohibition!

A. G.

Call to Arms

HE: Hadn't you better put something around you?

SHE: Hadn't you?

What would you do in his place?

The steeplejack lights his pipe and goes on painting

Imagine, if you can, a steeplejack 487 feet above the street level. Hanging on by his teeth he is applying a more or less rough-and-ready coat of paint to a flagpole.

Right in the midst of a busy morning's painting an adventurous bee buzzes into the picture. In fact, there are two bees, both buzzing viciously.

What should the steeplejack do?

There being in the profession no local rules for buzzing bees, your average steeplejack probably would get the all-clear signal from below and slide promptly down to safety.

But not Our Hero. He takes out his pipe, lights it, and goes on painting.

"It soothes the nerves," he says frankly about pipe smoking.

We have no way of knowing what kind of tobacco the steeplejack pours into his pipe on these bee-buzzing occasions, but we have a feeling that it is Edgeworth.

For Edgeworth does much to give the smoker a sense of calm, peaceful security.

Of course we wouldn't care to go on record as claiming that smoking a can of Edgeworth is as good as a two-weeks rest cure in the mountains; but we would like to register strongly the opinion that smoking any pipe makes life seem more worth living and that smoking a pipe filled with Edgeworth helps a lot.


If you are interested in finding out more about Edgeworth, the most sensible plan is for you to let Larus & Brother Company send you some free samples so that you can try the tobacco for yourself.

Just write your name and address down on a postcard and you will receive immediately generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 63 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.





TO MAINTAIN LINCOLN REPUTE

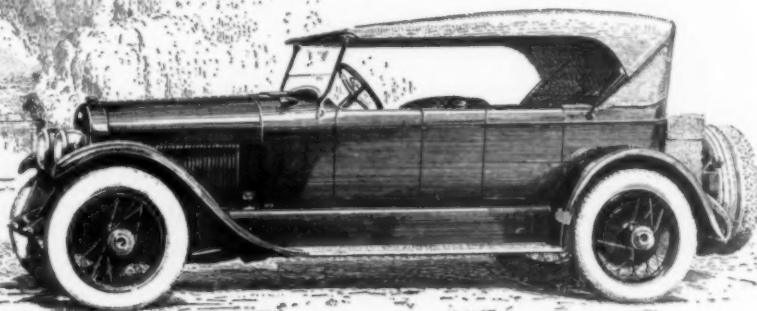
More generous commendation has seldom been extended to a motor car than that evidenced in the readiness with which the Lincoln was accorded its place among the aristocracy of the automotive world.

Although one of the youngest of fine cars, it already has its traditions. The sound engineering embodied in its design—the faithful accuracy of its manufacture—the resultant faultless performance through many years of life—these have, from the very first, been unanimously granted it.

It is the fixed determination of the vast organization now sponsoring the Lincoln that nothing in manufacturing practice or in sales and service policy shall be permitted to detract for one moment from this high standing in public esteem.

LINCOLN MOTOR COMPANY

DIVISION OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

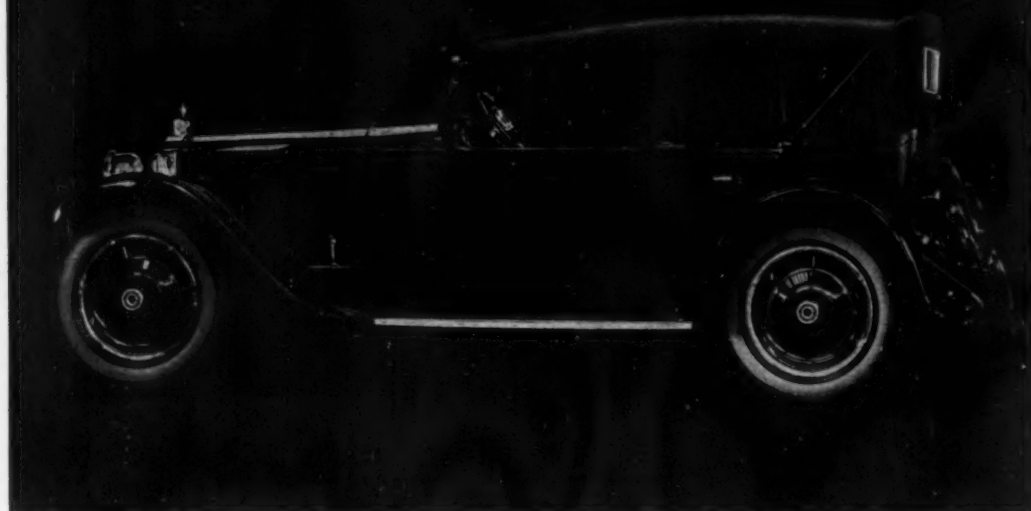


The Four Passenger Phaeton

L I N C O L N



PACKARD



A S K T H E M A N W H O O W N S O N E

Because it was a Packard the soundness of Single-Six engineering was accepted from the first as a foregone conclusion.

It can be judged now, however, both by time and by numbers—thousands of Single-Sixes having been in the hands of owners for more than two years.

Its history may be summed up at this moment as one of individual instances of deep satisfaction, multiplied by thousands.

Never in Packard history was the familiar advice: Ask the Man Who Owns One, more pertinent—never was the answer surer than it is in the case of the Single-Six.

Single-Six Touring Car, Five-Passenger, \$2485—Sport Model, shown above, \$2650—at Detroit
Furnished in twelve popular body types, open and enclosed

Life



He: I dreamed I saw a man kissing you last night.
She (innocently): What time was it?



"Oh! Don't be such an old cabbage, George. Tell me how to plant this succotash."
 "Use your bean, Madeleine, use your bean!"

The Truth About Lausanne

(Now It Can Be Told by Our Fashion Reporter.)

LAUSANNE! A gathering of the predominant figures of the world. I thrilled as I entered the hall—now the great outstanding question of the day would be solved. Will it be a three- or a two-button coat for formal day wear?

As I take my seat a man is talking. I feel cheated, disillusioned, chagrined. I have come many miles to see the world's greatest and here is a man taking part in the conference actually wearing a lounge suit and a white piqué tie. People

are listening to him talk—I don't understand it. I look at the others gathered around a table. The same disregard for what is the correct thing. I console myself with the thought that maybe they are underlings. But no, their faces are familiar. Verily, the world's chaos is easily understood.

The speaker pauses, turns toward the door and gives a barely perceptible nod. Immediately the news man in me is aquiver. I scent the real thing now. A man rises, approaches the speaker. "Personage" is written over him in large characters. His two-button Oxford morning coat is faultless—cut deep enough to show a glimpse of pearl-gray waistcoat. He has on a gray silk tie, knotted correctly, and a white stiff-bosomed shirt with pencil stripes of blue; gray striped trousers, and pearl-gray spats.

I wait for him to be accorded the reception due him. Silently he comes up to the speaker's platform, passes behind the speaker, removes from the table the empty water pitcher and leaves the hall.

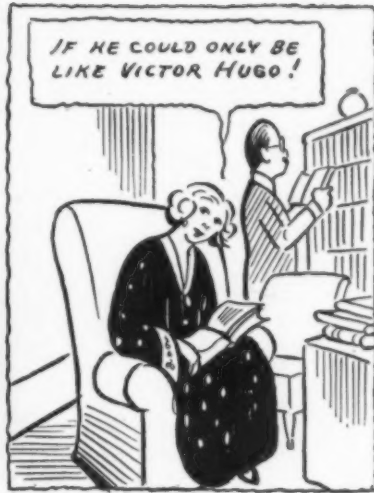
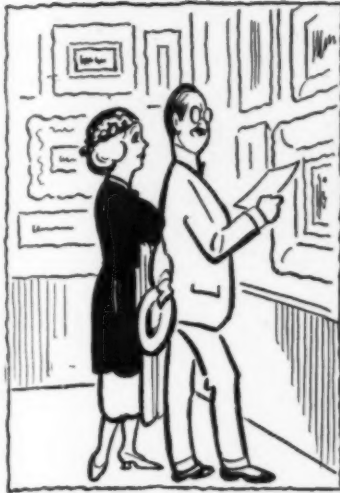
Harvey Kent.



"M'riar! M'RIAR! Open the door."

"Kind o' deaf, ain't she?"

"Naw, she hain't deaf, but tryin' to listen to the fonygraf an' the party line 'phone an' the wireless, an' havin' only two ears, it's sort o' hard sometimes to git her 'tention—M'RIAR!"



Prenatal Influence

1. Mr. and Mrs. Blank have been told that looking at beautiful pictures has a wholesome influence on the children to be.

2. Listening to music, too, has its beneficial influence.

3. Reading good literature also helps to produce an intelligent offspring.



4. The baby born is entranced by the artistic wall-paper, and other manifestations of art.

5. At six years of age, he is very fond of music, literature and painting, as expected.

6. At seventeen years of age, he is determined to be an artist—

Father: Why doesn't he do something sensible?

Mother: Oh, dear! Only to-day he turned down a good job in a laundry at fifteen dollars a week.

Shame, for Shame!

Circa 1930-40 A. D.

"PAPA, did you go overseas to fight?"

"No, my child. . . not exactly."

"Papa, were you ever poisoned by bootleg whisky?"

"No, my child."

"Papa, did you ever get held up by a bandit in Central Park?"

"Never."

"Did you ever see the Prince of Wales, or hit a

taxi-cab driver, or lose money in a Wall Street fraud?"

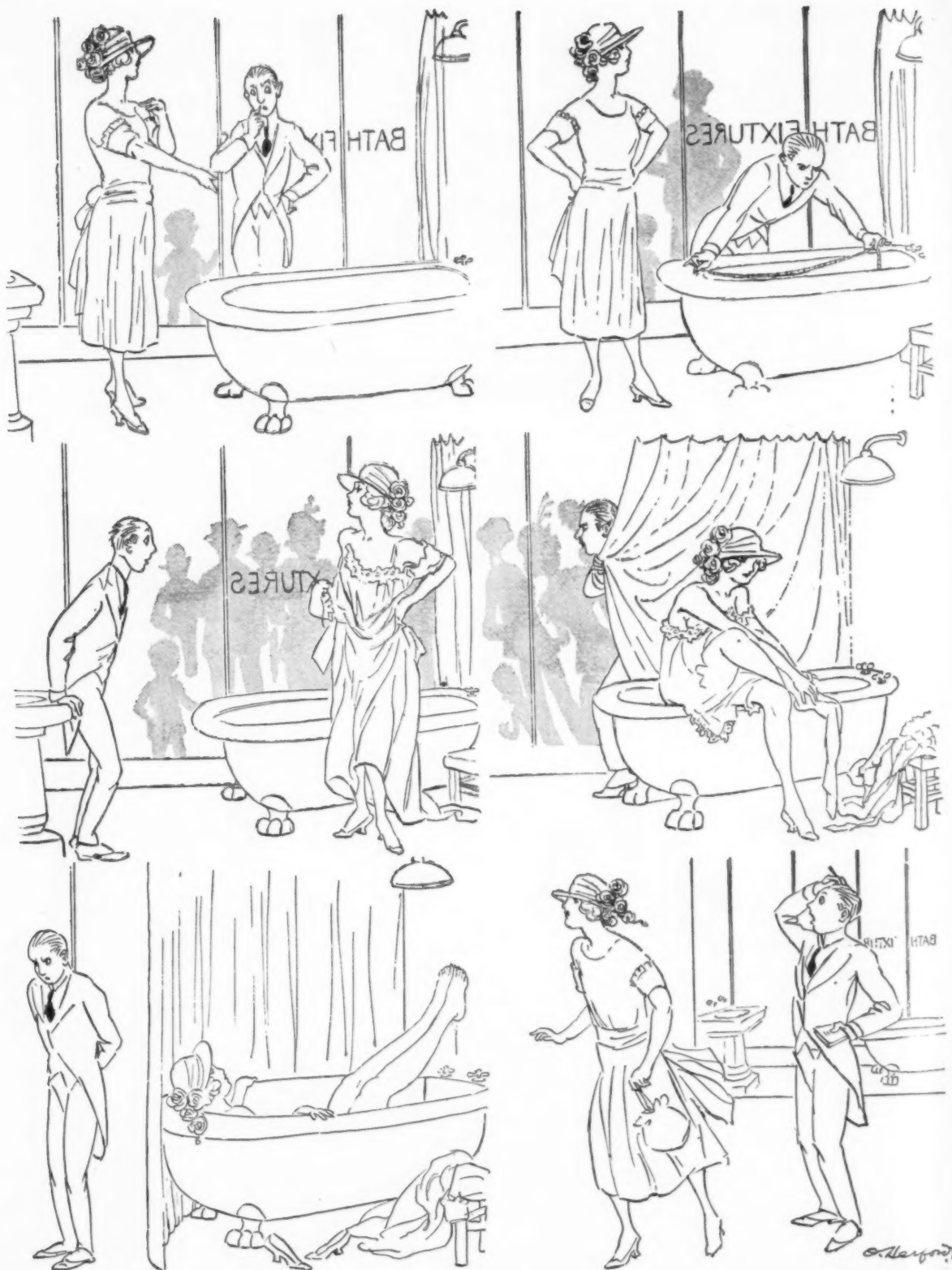
"None of those, son."

"Well, Papa, were you ever caught in a subway panic?"

"No, my dear, never."

"What kind of a father have I got, anyway?"

Henry William Hanemann.



Impossible Adventures
No. 3—The Lady from Missouri

What Is a Week Without a Name?

By Will Rogers

EVERY week here in New York we have some kind of week or other, I don't know how we got by in the old days without having these weeks named. Sometimes we have a double header, like Boys week and Music week. They had a Boy Mayor and a Boy in every other City department, I couldn't see any difference in the way things run, if they had left them in awhile I think we could have seen an improvement. Then Music week was a total loss, people hadn't heard any in so long that they didn't recognize it when they heard it, so I doubt if they ever hold that again.

We had clean up week which started several years ago and was such a big hit with New York Hotels, Cafes, and Ticket Speculators that they hung on to that, they have been cleaning up ever since. Then we had Apple week much to the sorrow of the Doctors, then Thrift week, everybody drew all they had out of the savings Bank to show their Friends what they had saved and spent it before they got through showing it. It will take a couple of years before we are able to have another one of those.

Then you remember Smile Week, Everybody went around grinning like a Cheshire Cat, You didn't know whether people were laughing with you or at you.

Then there was Don't Get Hurt Week, Taxicab Drivers couldn't hardly wait till the following Monday to run over you.

What we got to do now is to give a week for the Fellow who thinks up names for all these other weeks.

OFTEN when a Congressman throws his hat in the ring he is only discarding from weakness.



"Porter, have you change for a dollar?"
"How much?"



This Boy Made Good. So Can You!

"I had almost given up hope of ever being promoted," writes Charles M. Schwab of Riverside Drive, New York City. "I saw all the other men in the Steel Company waving fifty-dollar raises at their wives and I felt very blue. Then I learned to pronounce my words carefully through your book, 'A Thousand Words Often Mispronounced,' and today I own my own automobile."

The Booster

"BUT I don't like the wind," protested the newcomer to the cow country plaintively. "It blows so hard my conversation goes right back down my throat. And I've got to talk. I'm a book agent."

"You don't like the wind?" interrogated the Old Timer. "Why, man, the wind clears the range—gives the cattle a chance to graze. Why, the wind's great for this country!"

"And the heat," protested the newcomer. "It's awful. Now I—"

"The heat?" countered the Old Timer. "Why, it's kinda hot sometimes. But summer ain't only a month long. Why, the heat's the best part of it."

"But the dust," insisted the newcomer, feebly. "The dust's awful, now isn't it? Now I—"

"Dust? Say, stranger, you don't know nothin'. Why the dust's necessary!"

He turned from the tenderfoot in evident sorrow, not unmixed with disdain. "Why," he said over his shoulder, "all these disadvantages make the West!"

Undiscovered

AN indignant motorist wishes to know whether any one has ever seen a policeman serve a summons on a pedestrian who was disregarding traffic signals.

No, we never have! But neither have we ever seen a reckless pedestrian run over a motor car and destroy it.



After the Party

"You'll find my dress mussed in back, Mother. I sat more than I danced."

The Pace

DOWNTOWN. . .uptown. . .a kitchenette apartment . . . delicatessen stores. . .the movie around the corner. . .Saturday night. . .bootleg liquor. . .downtown. . .uptown. . .restaurants. . .shops. . .cafés . . .the laundry. . .the drug store. . .cigarettes. . .ice. . .the alarm clock . . .downtown. . .uptown. . .the newspapers. . .the neighbors. . .the income tax. . .yesterday. . .to-morrow. . .downtown. . .uptown.

Life Lines

THE plasterers now want fourteen dollars a day. That's laying it on a bit thick.

┆

"Home, Sweet Home" was composed one hundred years ago, long before the invention of kitchenette apartments.

┆

The favorite verse form for writers of popular song lyrics seems to be Hot Doggerel.

┆

Developments of the last five years show that what the Ancient Mariner was waiting for was his share of the bonus.

┆

The Prohibition Laws and the Immigration Laws combined can't keep the Scotch from coming in.

┆

There may be something in the political axiom, "As Maine goes, so goes the nation." Maine went prohibition forty years ago and it isn't dry yet.

┆

Government reports show that the American Indians are fast dying out. It won't be long before they're down to their last Sioux.



She: At this distance it's hard to tell the men from the women.
He: Yes, at this distance it's not worth while trying.



Supply and Demand



Any Saturday Morning

The Microbe

A MICROBE sat on the lip of a king
Who was planning the conquest of everything,
Wishing the world to call him great.
And the microbe said: "Your plans might be
Wisely conceived, were it not for me;
I shall defeat them—I am Fate!"

How times have changed! It was once the Bad
Woman who was pitied. Now it is the good one who
is commiserated.

FOLLOWING the sugar investigation, the Govern-
ment probably will tell the people to raise more cane
next time.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

May 30th Up betimes, so full of *joie de vivre* that I did feel like running up a flag for something, and then I fell a-thinking of Thomas Hardy, and took down his last book to re-read "An Ancient to Ancients," a brave and beautiful poem, and so moving that it quieted me down a little. . . . Lydia Loomis to luncheon with me, off on a new tangent, as usual, and now it is the perfect relaxation of all the muscles of the body, which, as far as I could make out, she attains by lying flat on the floor and thinking about the Greeks, having laid out several hundred dollars for a course of instruction. Nor did I remonstrate with her, as was once my wont, being finally convinced that naught can be done to controvert the adage concerning a fool and his funds. It may be as well, too, for Lydia to squander her money on fads and follies as to be setting up a shop, as so many lightweight females do these days, and having it fail. . . . This night I did open the new bottle of scent which Kate Mitchell gave me for my birthday, finding it delightful. And when I did remark to Sam that not being able to smell perfume on one's self was one of life's greatest tragedies, he responded that a greater lay in the fact that everybody else could.

May 31st Wakened by a summons on the telephone from the company itself, a young woman telling me that I had overpaid my last bill by twelve dollars and that she would dispatch me a cheque forthwith. Whereupon I rose and looked searchingly out the window, finding, to my amazement, that the skies had not fallen. But I shall stay my rejoicing, being confident that there is a catch which will manifest itself in the next statement. . . . A great dinner on at our house this night which Sam, who was to have come home early to apportion the liquor, did hold up forty minutes. The poor wretch had been compelled, at the eleventh hour, to have an important document copied and go with it himself to the house of one of his richest clients, an alcoholic, who, being in her cups when his messenger presented the original draft earlier in the afternoon for her signature, had written "Love and kisses, Lucy" across it and sent it back to him. A merry evening, withal, and I enjoyed myself thoroughly, albeit many of my friends declare they cannot do so at their own revels.

June 1st Greatly cast down at being reminded so forcibly of my debts by the first post. Lord! some merchants must sit up the last two or three nights of one month in order to prod their customers promptly on the first day of the next, an evil for which I avenge myself by paying first the more considerate tradespeople who reserve their invoices until the fourth or fifth. . . . A telegram from our cozen Amy announces that she will soon be with us for another week. This time it is her teeth.

Baird Leonard.

"Casanova's Homecoming"

(By A. Schnitzler. Seltzer.)

THE life that Casanova led!
You'd think at fifty he'd be dead
But here he's over fifty-two,
Apparently as good as new—
We search in vain through Schnitzler's book
To learn what Casanova took.

O. H.

Cheated—A Tragedy

OLD LADY (to postman): Do you know, my good man, that during all the years you have been coming to this house, I have wondered, as I have watched you making your daily rounds in the heat of summer and the rigors of winter, just what you were thinking about? You always seem to be philosophizing as you plod along in silence, apparently buried in sober reflection and at peace with the whole wide world. Do you ever let your thoughts roam at will through that leather bag, and play among its contents: missives wet with tears; messages of joy; frantic appeals for succor; tender words of love; shattered hopes; and high ambitions realized? Tell me, if I do not seem too inquisitive, upon what do you ponder, what do you think of, day by day, hour after hour, step by step?

POSTMAN: My feet.

F. A. K.

RADIO—out of the void, into the vacuum.



Cloakroom Gossip

First Senator: That bootlegger of mine is an impertinent fellow. He says that as long as we continue to vote for strict enforcement of the Volstead Act, he'll have to charge ninety-five a case for Scotch.

Second Senator: The dirty crook!

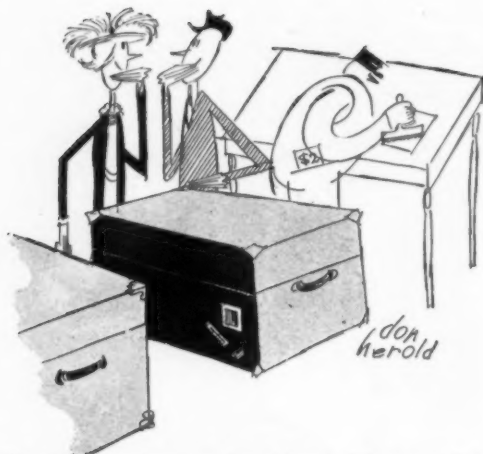


"Here's something for you, Lois, a nice picture postcard. I suppose you're collecting them."

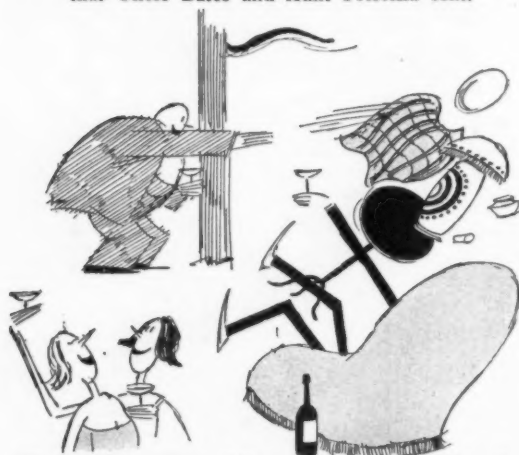
"Yes'r."

"Really! And how many have you, may I ask?"

"One."



The stupid baggageman, bewildered with a two-dollar bill, has selected the wrong rubber stamp and is sending to Springfield, Ill., instead of Springfield, Mass., an old trunk containing that wonderful samovar that Uncle Bates and Aunt Priscilla sent.



The end of many wedding presents—placed thoughtlessly in the Hooch Room.



Ethlinda might have known what would happen to the magnificent Atrocian vase sent by Uncle Samuel and Aunt Betty when she unconsciously influenced Teddy Topple into this corner of the room.



It is not hard to see what is going to happen to that silver watermelon set, sent by Uncle Spin and Auntie Lena, with the dining room window left so carelessly open, and the burgling season at its height.



The young bridegroom, digging in the formal garden of his new place, must take care that none of the wedding gift book-ends fall into his excavations.



Note the despair on the faces of these young folks when the handy young bridegroom around the house bashes one end of his stepladder square into that violently vivid woodcut sent by Aunt Katherine.

Terrible Misfortunes That May Befall Wedding Presents

Broadcastings from the Literary Shop

By Montague Glass

PERHAPS when Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart and Mr. Avery Hopwood incorporated themselves as limited liability companies they were doing it only to insure immortality. Hereafter, an incorporated author will never die. Instead he will be reorganized, merged, wound-up, dissolved or forced into the hands of a receiver.

BEFORE an incorporated author can get to work on a story or a play, he will be obliged to call himself to order, read the minutes of the last meeting, move and second their adoption as read, and then proceed to new business.

MR. GENEROSO GRAZIADIO, proprietor of the shoe-black stand in the Hotel Regis, Mexico, D. F., writes to me as follows: "A. Edward Newton has an article in a recent *Atlantic* about Gilbert and Sullivan which is approximately twenty per cent. Newton and eighty per cent. Gilbert, and even the twenty per cent. isn't net. Mr. Newton tells a story in which Gilbert's dog trespasses on the land of one of the proprietors of a jam factory. Gilbert writes a letter to the jam manufacturer and apologizes for his dog poaching on the manufacturer's preserves, and then Mr. New-

ton winds up the story by saying that the manufacturer of the jam was one of the firm of Day & Martin. This deducts at least 3.1416 per cent. from Mr. Newton's score, because Day & Martin to my personal knowledge manufactured shoe polish and not jam. I may not know much about literature or jam, but I'm certainly hell on blacking."

At the recent Biological Congress held in Gratz, Austria, it was resolved that the lowest form of animal life is no longer the amoeba, but the tortoise which provides tortoise shell for the rimmed spectacles worn by writers of advertising copy.

A PROMINENT Chicago publisher announces that he is preparing for publication an anthology of burnt wood verse, now in great demand for use over large fieldstone fireplaces in the lounges of middle Western country clubs.

PRESIDENT HARDING recently made a speech in which he told how when he was editing the Marion (Ohio) *Bugle*,—correct me if it's the *Clarion*,—a man was arrested for riding a brake beam into town in

(Continued on page 40)



Lady: No, I am sorry I can't give you anything. I am supporting too many charities already.
 Beggar: Well, mum, if it wasn't for the likes of me you'd be out of a job like I am.



"Twenty thousand dollars for that! What an idea! Why, it's marked 'remnant'."

At the Post Card Photographer's

By Beatrice Herford

MA: I want my daughter should be taken into an Eyetalian Garden.

LUTIE: No, Ma, I want to be took in a lib'ry—

MA: But it ain't natural for you to be readin'—

LUTIE: Well, I never was into an Eyetalian Garden, I think I'd look funny.

MA: Well, I think they'll think it funny in Blueberry Falls to see you readin' in a lib'ry.

LUTIE: Well, they don't know but what I've taken up readin'.

PHOTOGRAPHER: You don't need to take it up, you can have the book layin' careless beside you, and lookin' off.

MA: Yes, Lutie, it's natural for you to be lookin' off—I always liked you leanin' on that pillar with your diplomor lookin' off.

PHOTOGRAPHER (*letting down a curtain with garden scene behind Lutie and laying a book on a rustic seat beside her*): Now place the

right hand on the back of the bench, so—

MA: If your other hand ain't a-goin' to show, Lutie, I'd put your rings onto that one.

LUTIE (*changing the rings*): Where'll I look?

PHOTOGRAPHER: Just look over at the coffee pot. (*Lutie casts a far-away look at an agate coffee pot on a kerosene stove.*)

MA: She's crazy about it.

PHOTOGRAPHER: That gives you a sweet expression.

MA: She don't use no sugar in it either.

PHOTOGRAPHER: I'd cross the hand over that one—(*Lutie changes the rings again, without changing her expression.*) Now keep your eyes steady, head down a little more, not quite so much, left shoulder up a bit, lift the chin a trifle, not quite so much, a little more, that's it, now turn the head just a mite, and keep the eyes the same, a little brighter, just a little

brighter, now keep your eyes on the coffee pot and don't stir! That's fine!

(Click.) (*They all relax and give sighs of relief.*)

PHOTOGRAPHER: That had oughter be good.

MA: I'd kind of like to see you taken with somethin' in your hand, a violin would look cute—I think it's nice to be taken doin' somethin' even if it's somethin' you don't never do—Don't you remember the best picture Myrtie ever had, she was standin' by a horse, it was the image of her and she wasn't never onto one in her life.

PHOTOGRAPHER: How about a watering can?

MA: She never had no luck with plants.

PHOTOGRAPHER: We'll take one with the head alone—just be seated.

MA: I ain't never seen your head without the rest of you,
(Continued on page 36)

Spirit Photography

WHEN spirit photography (see exhibits of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle) is practiced by amateur camera fiends, the appended explanatory comments will accompany the showing of an album of spirit snapshots:

"That's the spirit of Tobias, the cat our family had back in 1879."

"This one's a trifle out of focus, but still it's pretty good. The spirits of my great-great-great-great-grandfather and grandmother on the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of their wedding."

"Here's a corker, a flashlight. A haunted-house-party at the old Creepy mansion, near our place."

"This is the best one I've got, though quite accidental. I was taking a still-life of our family sideboard when the ghost of my great-uncle George began looking in it for a bottle of old port."

"That's a view of our garden in the country. Those things which appear to be caterpillars are really fairies. They moved, unfortunately, just as I pressed the button."

"I didn't take this one; it was given to me. It's a scene from an all-spook movie, David Garrick, Lester Wallack, Nell Gwyn, Charlotte Cushman, Edwin Booth and Mrs. Siddons. Some cast."

A. H. F.

THE next session of Congress is so far off that the members will be extra thirsty when they return.



Home, Sweet Home

"Hello, old dears, I haven't seen you since you came back from California."

"No, we've been motoring in Canada since then."

"Are you going to stay around now for a while?"

"Well, we're going abroad day after to-morrow, but we'll be back in time to go South for the Winter."

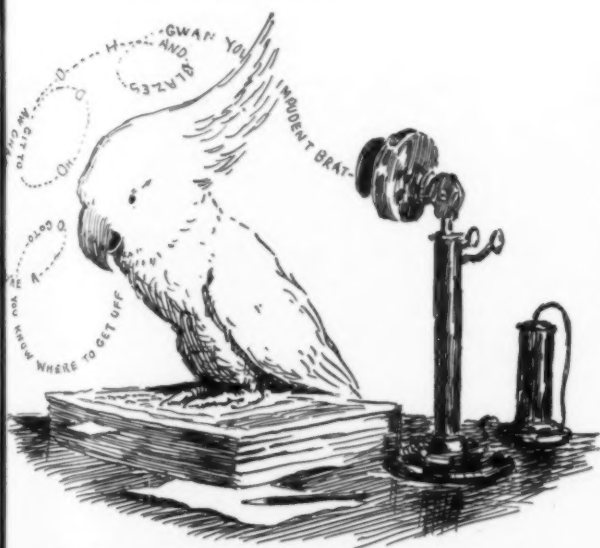
Wedding Presents

WEDDING presents that are exchanged for something else . . . wedding presents that are hidden in the garret . . . wedding presents that are given to servants . . . wedding presents that are hurled out of the back window . . . wedding presents that are sent again as wedding presents . . . wedding presents that arrive long after the wedding . . . wedding presents that never arrive . . . wedding presents that are guarded by private detectives in blue suits . . . wedding presents that are identical with twenty-seven other wedding presents . . . wedding presents that are ultimately followed by a bill . . . wedding presents that are sent to the wrong address and remain there . . . wedding presents that are bought at a sale . . . wedding presents that lead to divorce.

MOTHERS hope their sons will be what they thought their husbands were.

"DID Witherbee get over his operation?"

"No, he is still talking about it."



The Reason Why They Took Our Telephone Away



JUNE 7th, 1923

VOL. 81. 2118

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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IT says in the Bible, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." Certainly that is not Mr. Bryan's opinion, but his deportment and discourse this long time warrant one in imputing to him the sentiment that for the development of proper conduct and beliefs in human beings there does not need to be any God, because he, Brother Bill Bryan himself, knows exactly what is right for all people on all subjects, and will impart his knowledge freely to inquirers and others and do his best to make them conform to his views.

Brother Bill's confidence in his opinion in politics has been a factor in American political life for twenty-five years. Encouraged by his great success as the leader of the uninstructed and the keeper of them out of office, he comes forward nowadays as director of the people in diet, science, theology and religion. That is all right. The people who thought politically as Bryan did had to have a leader and he was a very good one, and as they were never able to elect a President as long as they kept with him, they did no great mischief. Now the dietitians and theologians and Sabbatarians and all the congregation of those who see a part of life and think it is the whole need a leader, and if they find it in Mr. Bryan that is very well. He may keep them together and keep them out of mischief just as he did his section of the Democratic party.

All the same his ascendancy among the Presbyterians is rather curious because one thinks of Presbyterians as a fairly conservative sect, with a larger infusion of so-

phistication in it than any other group except the Episcopalians. Mr. Bryan's talents, one would think, are better adapted to the Methodists or the Baptists, both much larger religious bodies than the Presbyterians and stronger presumably in those parts of the country where Mr. Bryan's leadership found most support. But after all, though Mr. Bryan has been a radical in politics, in theology he is ultra-conservative. And his effort in church matters, as in the other kind of politics, is to rule conventions, control resolutions and get the larger company of voters on the side he approves. His wonderful confidence in his own limited powers of understanding seems quite unimpaired by experience.



COLONEL HARVEY is back from London and at this writing is the guest of the President at the White House. He came back with so many trunks that there were rumors that he was going to quit his job of being Ambassador and possibly that is true, but not immediately, and not as intimated because he and Mr. Harding have grown apart.

Once Colonel Harvey went to Washington to see President Taft, and came back and said that no President ever needed more help than Taft, and no President was ever so hard to give help to. There is no sign that he finds that trouble with Mr. Harding. Undoubtedly President Harding needs help. Every one does in an office at all comparable with his in these times. He needs all the help he can get,

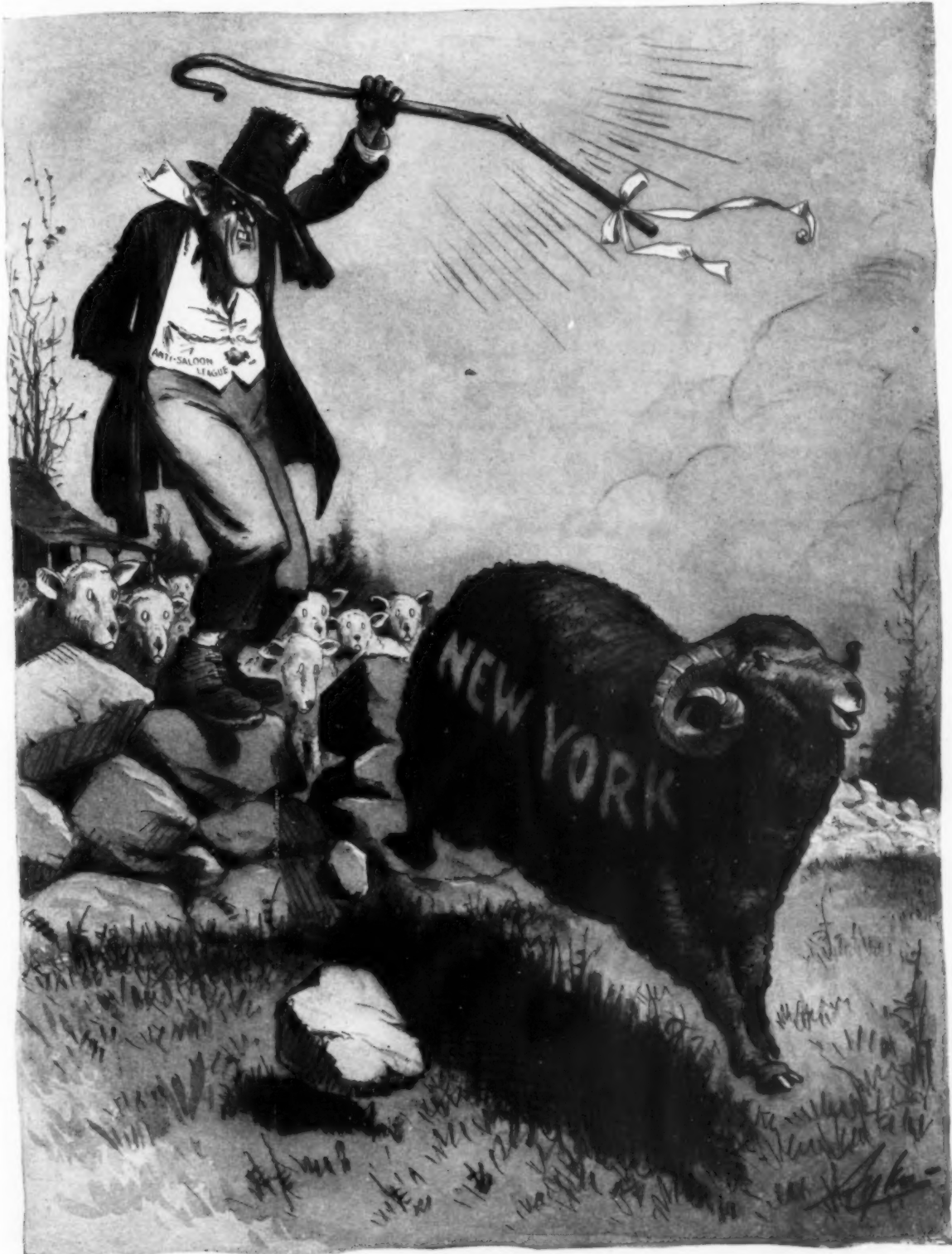
and Colonel Harvey doubtless finds him much more accessible to assistance than President Taft was. The Ambassador must know a great deal about the concerns of this world at this time and probably a reasonable proportion of his knowledge is true. Both in foreign policies and domestic policies his counsel, his suggestions and his intuitions are probably highly acceptable to the President. The papers say he is not against the World Court. Since he is a persuasive person he may help the President to put that project through without splitting the Republican party wide open.

In at least one great matter of the highest concern in our foreign policies Colonel Harvey is sound. He believes fervently in the co-operation of the English-speaking peoples. He wants to keep them on good terms with one another and to make them mutually helpful to one another and to the world.



A GOOD deal of breath is being held over the prospective action of Governor Smith of New York on the repeal of the Mullan-Gage law. All that one can ask of him is that he shall act conscientiously as Governor of New York and not politically as a possible candidate for President. As much as that we believe he will do, for he is not only a man of good character but of very sound political instincts and quite capable of understanding that to do what is right as far as he can discern it is the best politics as also the best conduct. Whatever he does, the reasons given for his action will be read with great interest.

E. S. Martin.



"Bla-a-ah!"



The Dear Old V



Dear Old Woodshed

LIFE'S Picture Title Contest—\$1000 in Prizes



This Picture Has No Title

For the best titles to this picture, LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize	\$500
Second Prize	\$300
Third Prize	\$150
Fourth Prize	\$50

CONDITIONS.

(Contestants are advised to read these conditions carefully, and to conform to them exactly. LIFE cannot undertake to enter into correspondence or to reply to inquiries.)

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly and briefly describes the picture above.

The contest is now open and open to everybody, and will close at this office on June 12th, at noon.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original, or may be a quotation from some well-known author. They should not exceed

twenty words each. Contestants may send in more than one title, but not more than ten to a sheet.

Should we have duplicates of any of the winning answers, the full amount of the prize will be given each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest (allowing for completion of the final reading). Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcement of the award. The members of LIFE's staff will not compete. All titles should be addressed to LIFE's Picture Title Contest, 598 Madison Avenue, New York. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing titles, typewritten (or very plainly written), using one side of paper only, with the name and address of the sender on each sheet.

Answers which do not conform to these requirements will not be considered in the contest.

A. D. 1950

WEDDING NOTE—The bride looked stunning in a shooting suit of steel blue and carried a lovely bunch of pearl-handled automatics. The groom wore the conventional coat of mail.



"I offered him a bite o' me apple 'n he took it a-a-a-all."

At Sea

SCENE: B deck of the S. S. *Luxuria*.

Time: The first day out.

Characters: Two gentlemen, and two ladies.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

There's nothing like an ocean voyage, is there?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

It's so peaceful.

FIRST LADY

Isn't it. Are you going to the Primintons' dinner this evening?

SECOND LADY

Yes. Just a small party of about forty, I believe.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

And the Featherbys are having a dance in the palm garden later.

FIRST LADY

I know. That's before another little affair the Claybuttons are giving in the grill.

SECOND LADY

I suppose we'll all be at their bridge party to-morrow.

FIRST LADY

Of course. That's after Dolly Sparkleigh's lunch.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

And then tea with the Piffkins.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

I'm playing Mah-Jongg with them on Tuesday.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

The sea does get one, doesn't it?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Oh, it's a glorious life.

FIRST LADY

One feels so alone, so isolated.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

I love nautical things.

FIRST LADY

So do I. I simply worship those lamp shades in the lounge.

SECOND LADY

And the silk curtains in my stateroom. I adore the sea.



Taxi Driver (to fare who neglected to tip): Hey, boss! You forgot to ask for a transfer.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

I actually feel like a real sailor already.

SECOND GENTLEMAN

Oh, we're all old sea-dogs by now. Let's go upstairs and watch the captain steer the boat.

FIRST LADY

Then we'll play roulette.

FIRST GENTLEMAN

Let's. There's nothing like an ocean voyage, is there?

SECOND GENTLEMAN

It's so peaceful.

Charles G. Shaw.

Three Old Men

WE three old men by the river's brim

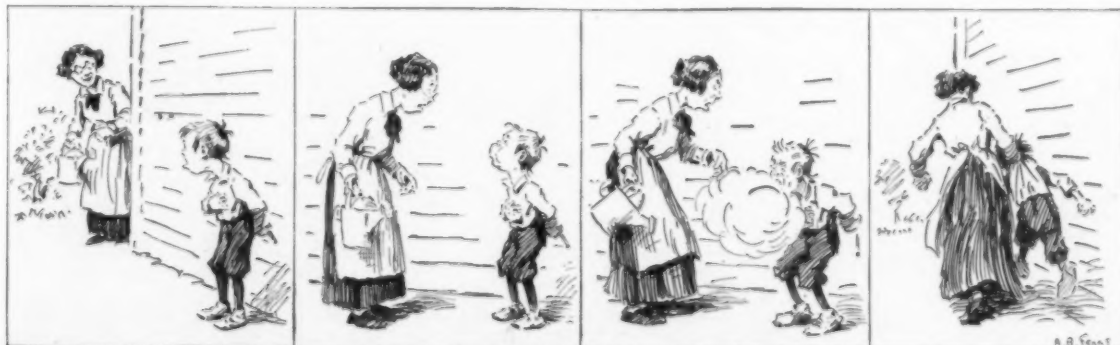
Watching the waters flow,
Wraiths of the golden-hearted lads
Who played here long ago.

Youth has passed through our ancient bodies

Soon we'll be deep in the mold;
Yet age were not half so bitter
If the heart, too, would grow old.

J. M. Kerrigan.

LIFE is a tragedy for those who can laugh at another's misfortunes, and a comedy for those who can laugh at their own.



He inhaled it but it wouldn't stay down.



Foot Work

THE applause which follows Jim Barton's dancing is of a different quality from that which greets most other theatrical offerings. Other applause may be sincere and hearty, but that which Barton draws down has a typhoon quality which places it in a class by itself. At his final writhing step, the house crashes into a hand-clapping which gives the impression of having been tugging at the leash for five minutes. It is not made up of staccato cracks like ordinary hand-clapping, but is a continuous sound like a sudden burst of rain on a roof, and is just about as irresistible. There is nothing left but for him to dance again.

In "Dew Drop Inn," however, Jim Barton does more than dance. He shows himself to be in line for the position of America's leading black-face comedian. The line isn't very long, and with a couple of song-hits to work with (and Barton has a better voice than any of them) it won't take him many seasons to be in a position where he can ask Al Jolson to stop pushing.

Of course, there is the reservation to be made that "Dew Drop Inn" isn't much of a show and that Barton has some pretty thin songs to work with. But he has those feet (which seem to be propelled from somewhere under his belt) and he has more of the genuine Negro quality to his work than any one since Bert

Williams. Furthermore, he is an artist if ever we saw one.

Special mention must be made of Mooney, the dog, who shares honors with Barton in the second act. He is not very competent, but there is something about him. His personal appearance can best be described by quoting from one of the strong scenes in which he features. A young lady enters dragging Mooney on a leash. "Oh, look!" she says. "I found a dog!"

"You found a *what*!" says Barton.



"AREN'T WE ALL?" the second offering of Cyril Maude's company, is very light and very entertaining. It has practically nothing to recommend it except that it has amusing lines and that it is well done. You couldn't ask much more of a comedy in times like these.



OWING to a blind, unreasoning aversion to the May Vokes school of comedy, combined with a gift for violent invective inherited from a sea-going uncle, we must deny ourself the pleasure of reviewing "Cold Feet." We can be reached on the telephone, however, if a purely personal opinion is wanted.

Robert C. Benchley.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

The Cat and the Canary. National—Several dozen thrills.

The Fool. Times Square—Religion in four acts.

For Value Received. Apollo—Showing that a blind man can be just as selfish as the rest of us.

Rain. Maxine Elliott's—A powerful smack at several sacred traditions by Jeanne Eagels.

Romeo and Juliet. Henry Miller's—You may know the story but you don't know Jane Cowl unless you have seen this.

Seventh Heaven. Booth—Much acting. Uptown West. Bijou—The Japanese problem in a new light.

The Wasp. Selwyn—Pretty bad. Whispering Wires. Broadhurst—Killing by telephone.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. Republic—In its second year, God forbid! Aren't We All? Gaiety—Reviewed in this issue.

Cold Feet. Fulton—Let's drop the subject.

The Devil's Disciple. Garrick—One entertaining act, thanks to Shaw and Roland Young.

Give and Take. Forty-Ninth St.—Slapstick sociology.

Icebound. Vanderbilt—Well-acted New England stuff.

Mary the 3rd. Thirty-Ninth St.—A cup of tea with a slight stick in it.

Merton of the Movies. Cort—Glenn Hunter as one of the season's most appealing heroes.

The Mountebank. Lyceum—Locke's novel with stage directions and Norman Trevor.

Not So Fast. Morosco—To be reviewed next week.

The Old Soak. Plymouth—A medium play with an extraordinary hero.

Polly Preferred. Little—Amusing kidding of the movies.

So This Is London! Hudson—Anglo-American burlesque.

Sweet Nell of Old Drury. Forty-Eighth St.—Laurette Taylor in an old favorite.

You and I. Belmont—Gentlemanly badinage.

Zander the Great. Empire—Alice Brady in something about Western bootleggers.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Adrienne. George M. Cohan's—To be reviewed next week.

Bombo. Winter Garden—Last week of Al Jolson.

Caroline. Ambassador—Nice music.

The Clinging Vine. Knickerbocker—Peggy Wood in a good show.

Dew Drop Inn. Astor—Reviewed in this issue.

The Gingham Girl. Central—Fair.

Go-Go. Daly's—Fast and at times funny.

Jack and Jill. Sam H. Harris—Lew Fields in something elaborate.

Little Nellie Kelly. Liberty—Dancing.

Music Box Revue. Music Box—Big and expensive, with Bobby Clark furnishing laughs.

Sally, Irene and Mary. Century—Still going.

Up She Goes. Playhouse—Very nice.

Wildflower. Casino—A splendid score.

Ziegfeld Follies. New Amsterdam—So successful that there isn't to be any new edition this year.



Memories of a Distinguished Comedian

LIFE congratulates Mr. John Drew upon the completion of his first fifty years on the stage.

The Silent Drama

Torch Bearers

THE Little Movie Theatre Movement, which has created a great deal of serious conversation in this department of *LIFE*, is taking concrete form at last. Like Young Lochinvar, and many other bold heroes of romantic renown, it comes out of the West—from Hollywood, in fact.

Little Theatres have been liberally kidded by theatrical experts—notably in that rollicking comedy, "The Torch Bearers." But for all that, they have exerted an undeniable influence on the drama. The obscure Washington Square Players grew up into the Theatre Guild, which has lately raised \$600,000 for the institution of New York's first community theatre.

Many readers of this page have expressed their approval of the Little Theatre idea. I hope that it will receive their earnest support.

"The Girl I Loved"

IN "The Girl I Loved," Charles Ray helps the current Salvation Army drive by proving that a man may be down, but never out.

Ray had been wobbling terribly in the last two years. After "The Old Swimmin' Hole" and "Scrap Iron," he descended into a depression which produced a number of painfully feeble pictures. The aged wiseacres along Hollywood Boulevard wagged their heads dolefully and decided that Ray was through.

"The Girl I Loved" puts Charles Ray back on the map. Like "The Old Swimmin' Hole," it is an adaptation of a poem by James Whit-

comb Riley—and it gives Ray an opportunity to do the things that he can do best. He is a simple country boy, with a permanent "Hoosier than thou" expression. In a dull, pitiful way, he loves his foster sister; but she falls for a handsome city chap, and goes with him to the local altar.

Here comes the big surprise in the picture. The audience expects that the Ku Klux Klan, the United States Cavalry or the cohorts of a friendly Sheik will come galloping over the screen just in time to break up the ceremony. But nothing of the kind happens. The heroine marries the Chicago boy and, presumably, makes a good match of it.

Which, in itself, establishes "The Girl I Loved" as one of the most daringly original photoplays of all time.

"The Isle of Lost Ships"

MOST of the fascination which lies in the title, "The Isle of Lost Ships," is absent in the film itself. We are led to expect a weird, mysterious, fantastic tale of the sea and we find, instead, a cut-and-dried movie melodrama.

Nevertheless, "The Isle of Lost Ships" is a more than usually entertaining picture. The storms at sea are remarkably well managed, and the individual scenes possess that soft beauty which is a leading characteristic of all Maurice Tourneur's productions.

The plot of the piece is as hard to swallow as a gallon of salt water—but then, one seldom worries about the story of a melodrama. As Jane Austen has said, it's the wallop that counts.

"Sixty Cents an Hour"

WALTER HIERS'S second star picture, "Sixty Cents an Hour," is a tepid affair about a soda clerk who weeps over his fudge nut sundaes. Hiers himself is funny and the director has equipped him with a few comical situations—but no more than a bare sufficiency.

The idea that a fat man, as such, can possess a tremendous humorous appeal regardless of his surroundings has been disproved in at least one important instance. This thought should be kept in mind by those who are responsible for Walter Hiers's pictures. If he isn't given good material to work with, he will inevitably go the way of all flesh.

Robert E. Sherwood.



Those Queer Architectural Paintings

Artist: Confound it! There goes 'nother! Ish all I can do to hold up thish one.



DEALERS WHO DISPLAY THIS SIGN ARE DEPENDABLE

MOTORING takes on an added delight when you equip with Republic Tires. The knowledge that for long wear, resiliency, anti-skid protection and economy they have no rivals, brings a wonderful sense of security to your driving.

But this is by no means the whole story of Republic. There is another chapter and an important one. It has to do with Republic's nation-wide Certified Tire Service.

So carefully has this organization

of picked retail tire men been built, so scrupulously have they upheld its high standards, that now, wherever you go, the Sign of the Eagle is known as the sign of efficiency, dependability, and courtesy.

Here then, is the formula for motoring free-from-tire-trouble. Drive Republics, the silent, jet-black Prodim Processed tires, and bid tire worry good-bye. Stop at the Sign of the Eagle. It marks a tire man worth knowing and worth dealing with.

REPUBLIC TIRES

WITH SILENT NON-SKID STAGGARD STUDS



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

Pyrotechnics

Mix prudence with my ashes;
Write caution on my urn;
While life foams and flashes
Burn, bridges, burn!
—Louise Bogan, in *The Liberator*.

Finesse

"What do you do if a man persists in asking for a dance—and you hate him?"
"Tell him your card's full."
"Well, suppose it isn't?"
"Say it is—and let him see it isn't."—*Yale Record*.

True Delicacy

"There's a lot more I might say," concluded the bargee after his argument with the careless yachtsman, "but, bein' a perfick gentleman, I don't 'old with class warfare."
—*London Daily Express*.

PROFESSOR: Mr. Jones, you are late.
JONES: Sorry, sir. I overshaved.
—*Notre Dame Juggler*.



PLAY TITLES TRAVESTIED
"So This Is London!"

—*London Opinion*.

It Seems to Broun

When the Negro achieves success in the arts, the smallest admixture of white blood is noted and the credit is duly assigned to the Nordic race. But when he rides on a railroad train below the Mason and Dixon line one drop of Negro blood is sufficient to place him definitely in the ranks of the black race and put him in the Jim Crow car.—*New York World*.

Desperate Straits

A weary-looking fellow who had opened all the doors looking for work happened to see a huge police advertisement, headed:

"MURDERER WANTED!"

"Well," he said, scratching his head, "it's better'n nothing, anyhow. I'm going in and ask for the job!"
—*Richmond Times-Dispatch*.

Exactly So

"Sins of omission?" repeated young Oswald on being asked what they were. "Why, they are the sins we have forgotten to do!"

—*London Morning Post*.

YANK (in London, slapping total stranger on the back): Say, Bo—
TOTAL STRANGER: Bo.

—*Cambridge Granta*.

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It happens when motoring!

A stiff neck, lame back or shoulder from constant driving! A bruised finger in making adjustments! An unfortunate experience with the can opener! The bite or sting of an insect! A scratch from barbed wire!

First aid with Absorbine, Jr. affords more than the convenience of a combined antiseptic and liniment. The dual property of Absorbine, Jr. is invaluable when a break of the skin is accompanied by congestion or inflammation of the tissues.

The soothing and healing liniment acts at once with the cleansing, prophylactic antiseptic, making each characteristic more efficient.

Though so concentrated that only a few drops are required at an application, Absorbine, Jr. is of a clean, pleasant odor. Its wide range of uses has earned for it a never-empty place in many thousands of medicine cabinets.

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At most druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid. Liberal trial bottle, 20c, postpaid.
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A week—or more—in Yellowstone Park

"Go In Gardiner, Out Cody"

A NOTHER WEEK or more in Colorado! Can you imagine a more wonderful vacation?

The motor-trip through Yellowstone Park can be made in 4½ days, but some people remain a month. The cool, pine-laden air, the fishing, the extraordinarily varied scenery, the delightful social life—these are attractions which draw tens of thousands annually. The standard Park tour costs \$54 if you stay at the hotels; \$45, at the camps.

And Colorado—is as satisfying as Yellowstone Park. Rocky Mountain (Estes) Park is a summer paradise. So is Colorado Springs, nestling at the foot of Pike's Peak.

Low Summer Rates

of the Northern Pacific make it possible for thousands to visit Yellowstone Park, who otherwise might feel that the trip is too expensive.

I want to send you our Yellowstone Park book and tell you about a real vacation.

Northern Pacific train service—there's nothing better ANYWHERE.

A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager
955 Northern Pacific Building
St. Paul, Minn.



Northern Pacific Ry.
"2000 Miles of Startling Beauty!"

Mighty Like a Rose

Every baby is mighty like a rose in looks and sweetness to its mother. But the fact that 200,000 babies die every year in the United States before reaching their first birthday proves that thousands of mothers fail to realize how like a rose a baby is in its frail hold on life.

The most dangerous business in the world—

the most hazardous occupation, is the business of being a baby. Figures show that the reckless taxi driver has a better chance to live a year than has the new born baby to survive one day.

Of the Seven Ages of Man—

the first age, the "baby in its nurse's arms", is the most dangerous. 35,000 die on the day on which they are born. 100,000 of them die before they are one month old.

The hideous picture of the Ammonite god Moloch into whose fiery arms and bosom ignorant, superstitious mothers of old threw thousands upon thousands of babies as a sacrifice, fills the mind with sickening horror.

Yet today, through ignorance and neglect, the horrible sacrifice of babies is still going on, while parents and communities blame the deaths on Providence and hot weather.

"If all the babies born in New York City in one year were placed shoulder to shoulder they would make a line twenty-two miles long," according to U. S. Senator Copeland, former Health Commissioner of New York City, and

"Five miles of babies —

died in the first year of life in 1891. In that year the great fight to save babies was started. Welfare

stations were established where mothers could go for advice and where their babies were given thorough physical examinations. Pasteurized milk was the next baby life-saving step. The result of teaching mothers how to care for their babies and of providing pure milk has reduced the death rate in New York City from 241 to 72 per thousand.

"But we may still refer to the deaths of infants as the Slaughter of the Innocents—for the work done in New York City but proves that thousands upon thousands of baby deaths can be prevented throughout the United States when every mother is taught that:

"Babies do not die because the weather is hot—

"Babies do not die because it is dry or because it rains. Babies die in the summertime because they are not properly fed and not properly taken care of."

Save the new born babies—

by teaching the mother to safeguard her own health before the coming of the baby. Thousands of the 35,000 babies who now die on their natal day will then be saved, and one-half of the 100,000 who die before they are one month old

will be saved when mothers take care of themselves and make proper arrangements for the coming of their little ones.

Observance of the rules of hygiene, proper feeding, proper bathing, proper clothing, will save thousands of runabout baby lives this summer if the work of saving them is only begun in time.



Sweetest little fellow
Everybody knows,
Don't know what to call him
But he's mighty like a rose.

Frank Stanton

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company issues a booklet which has helped to save many, many baby lives. It may save your baby's life this summer. The booklet is called "The Child." It tells of the care of the baby—its feeding—the care of milk and what to do the minute a baby shows digestive disturbances—the cause of most baby deaths in summer.

The care of the runabout child is also

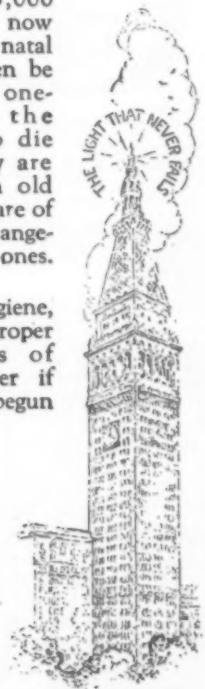
fully covered. The boggy of the Second Summer is banished and the belief that teething is a sickness is proved to be merely an old-fashioned superstition.

The booklet tells the Mother how to care for the baby's food—to remember the three C's—Clean, Cool, Covered.

The booklet was prepared for use

of Metropolitan Policyholders but whether or not you are a policyholder if there is a baby in your family and you want to know how best to see it through this summer, write the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City, and ask for a copy of "The Child." It will be mailed free of charge and without obligation on your part.

HALEY FISKE, President



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year



The Warning on the Gate Post

LAW breakers used such symbols as these to give information to each other. Here the warning is unmistakable: "This home is protected with a Colt—it shoots straight—keep away." Note the letters C-O-L-T and the target hit in the center.

Homes known to be protected with a Colt revolver or Colt automatic pistol are given a wide berth by law breakers.

COLT'S

THE ARM OF LAW AND ORDER

Send for interesting booklet, "The Romance of a Colt"
COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.
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717 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Zooming

"George," said his father, "I am sorry to hear that you were among those present at that disgraceful party at the Drinkwells' last night."

"Father," pleaded the young man with somewhat bleary eyes, "I can assure you that I was only there as an observer."

"Yes," replied his parent, "so I heard—and Tom was the pilot and the table was the aeroplane."

—Toronto Goblin.

A Perfect Excuse

The youngster had thrown a stick at her sister, a year or two her senior.

"Katherine," said daddy, "did you throw that stick at your sister?"

"Yes, daddy," was the defiant reply.

"Why did you do it?"

"Because," instantly replied the youngster, with her eyes flashing, "afterwards she hit me."

—Argus (Seattle).

Objet d'Art

The antique dealer gazed with disapproval at the shrewish wife of his more prosperous competitor. "There she goes," he said. "The dearest lot he ever bought."—London Express.

STUDENT: May I be excused? I don't feel well.

DEAN: Where do you feel sickest?

STUDENT: In Chemistry.

—Stanford Chaparral.

HOUSEBREAKER (to householder): Hide me! If I'm found, I'm lost!

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).

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"The Chest With The Chill In It"

A reputation for half a century of time-tested dependability has made the name "WHITE MOUNTAIN" known.

"In Over A Million Homes"

Constructed on scientific principles, thus saving food and saving ice.

Send for handsome illustrated catalogues and booklets.

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Nashua, New Hampshire

Cuts your ice bill.

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(Patented)

MAKES TROUSERS HANG STRAIGHT
If Legs Bend In or Out
Self-adjustable
It holds
Socks Up—Shirt Down
Not a "Form" or "Harness"
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Free Circular
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Buy
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They get best results when they use
WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

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WHITING-ADAMS BRUSHES

Send for Illustrated Literature

JOHN L. WHITING-J. J. ADAMS CO., Boston, U.S.A.
Brush Manufacturers for Over 113 Years and the Largest in the World

Will You Help?

THIS appeal is sent forth broadcast in hopes that a distinguished class among us will be saved.

It is not generally known that American intellectuals are in danger of extinction. Pitiful cases are coming to our attention in every mail. Only this morning a prominent Harvard man, once red-cheeked and rather stout, was discovered wandering about on the outskirts of Greenwich Village with a copy of the editorial page of the *Tribune* clasped to his breast. He said he had not had an original idea for nearly three months. Another case was reported of a whole family of intellectuals who had nothing left but a copy of the *Dial*: they had been living on that for weeks.

Intelligence tests among intellectuals show a rating of three years and four months—on the average. When asked what the trouble was, one of them said, as he wrapped a page of Hearst's *Sunday American*

**A danger signal —
tender and bleeding gums**

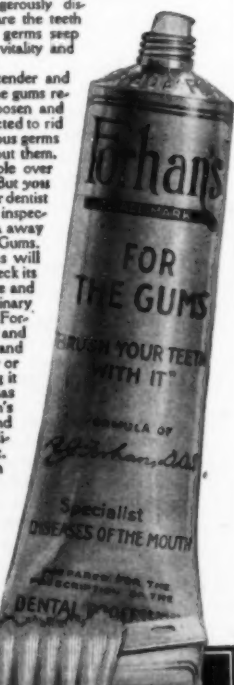
HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U.S. and Canada.

Formula of
R. J. Forhan, D. D. &
FORHAN CO.
New York
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JEWELERS AND SILVERSMITHS

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about him: "It's poverty of thought, that's what it is. I got this way readin' dramatic criticisms."

What they need is mental food.

The question is, where are they going to get it? T. L. M.

Caprice

So green the grass, so blue the sky,

So rife the world with spring,
Why should my feet drag slowly by,

My heart refuse to sing?

So chill the cloud, so bare the ground,

So bleak the world and sear,
Why should my feet make joyous sound,

My heart speak blithe and clear?

R. L. J.

NAIAD

Perfect D

READY-TO-WEAR
DRESS LININGS

A few minutes—a few stitches and you have a better made, better fitting lining than you could make. Stylish, comfortable and durable. Nainsook, Net, Silk or Messaline. All Sizes, with or without Shields 50 cents to \$1.25

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Manufacturers
101 Franklin St., N.Y.

Made by the makers
of

NAIAD
DRESS
SHIELDS





When you do a bee-line from
the office to an evening

Have you ever tried it this way?

YOU know, of course, that Listerine has dozens of uses as a safe antiseptic. But do you know of its unusual properties as a safe non-irritating deodorant?

Whenever you don't have time for a tub or a shower, or when these are not accessible, simply try dousing on Listerine. See how cool, refreshed and clean it leaves you feeling.



When you're hot and
sticky after summer
sports



When there are five hun-
dred members and only
four showers

And best of all, Listerine used this way as a deodorant cannot irritate or injure the most delicate skin. Rather, it is soothing, healing and evaporates quickly; and cannot stain garments.

Lambert Pharmacal Company
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

LISTERINE
—the safe
antiseptic



What Nobody Thinks He Knows

THAT the best dressmakers are invariably men. Witnesses: Paris and New York.

That the people who are strictest about accounts, such as bank presidents and cashiers, are often the most foolish in their private expenditures.

That the best poets, who have the widest range of fancy, are the most mathematically minded.

That the best history is fiction and the best fiction history.

That all women look alike in a crowd, and yet they spend more individually than men in order to be different.

That the people most ignorant about the various countries of the globe are usually those who have traveled through those countries.

That the old are happy and the young grouchy.

That you send for a doctor in order that your attention may be diverted from yourself long enough to let nature cure you.

That people do not try to avoid pain, but court it. Otherwise nobody would ever allow himself to fall in love.

Beauty Sleep

THE first dim light filtered in through the filmy curtains and struck full upon her chin strap. It crept upward until it covered the cleansing cream generously smoothed upon her face. Still farther stole this first revealing beam; it touched the skin tonic, the special astringent, the muscle oil, the circulation ointment, and finally reached the eyelash darkener. At this point she stirred and thrust out a bare arm pink to the elbow with liquidine bleaching lotion. She turned uneasily and with a drowsy motion adjusted her wrinkle eradiator, and fell into another doze.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

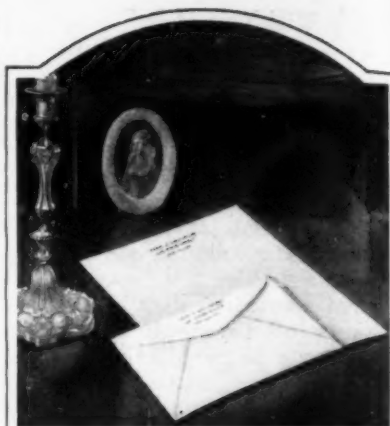
If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.



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*Sterling Quality in every
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American Stationery has been taken up in better homes the world over because of its ideal fitness for informal correspondence and household business purposes. **Q** Its style is correct. Its form is convenient. And its writing surface is unexcelled. But of all things which make American Stationery a fitting note paper for any home, none is more outstanding than its *distinctive quality*. **Q** Among the other things that will delight you is our surprisingly *prompt* delivery, which takes only a few days — not weeks. Order a trial package today.

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This comprises our "Regular Package" which is made up as follows and mailed postpaid. **PAPER:** National Bank Bond — clear, white, fine textured; exquisite writing surface. **SIZE:** Sheet 6 x 7; envelopes to match. **INK:** Name and address, printed as shown in illustration, in rich, dark blue ink.

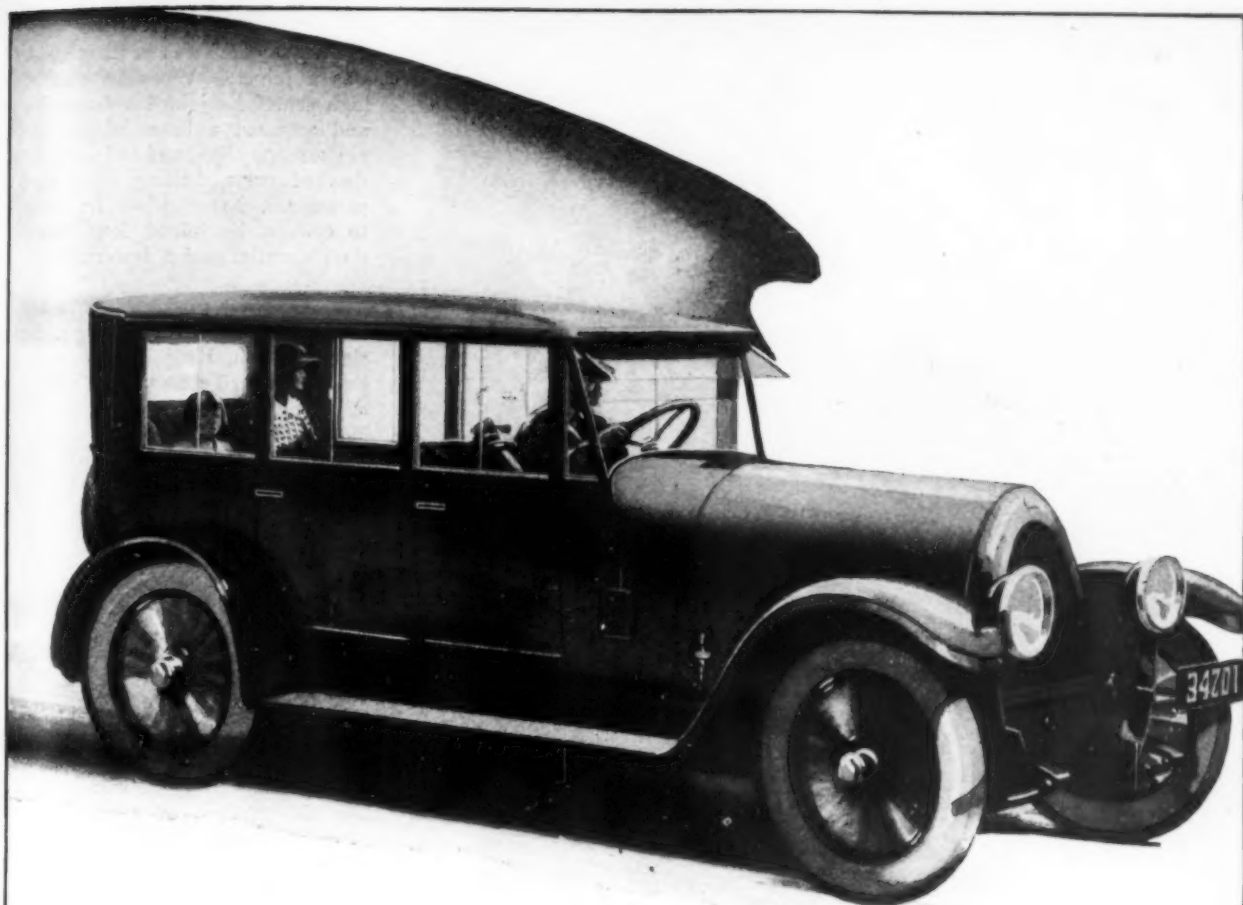
For orders west of Denver and foreign countries, add 10%. Always remit with order. With the exceptional facilities of our large plant, all orders are filled with amazing speed. We have no agents or branch plants. All American Stationery is sold by mail from Peru, Indiana, where we, originators of this type of stationery, have successfully manufactured it for eight years.

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Gentlemen: Herewith is \$1.00 for 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of American Stationery to be printed as shown on attached slip. (Note: To avoid errors, write or print copy plainly.)
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\$2250
F.O.B. SYRACUSE

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To place the greatest amount of fine automobiling within the reach of the greatest number of people was the inspiration for this remarkable car—the new Demi-Sedan. It gives complete closed car protection, unobstructed openness, or anything in between—yet costs only a little more than an open car to buy, and less than the average to run. Its marvelous road ability excels anything motordom has ever known.

*Powerful New Six Motor
Beautiful Body Design*

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.



A Hundred New Surprises In This Summer Trip

By A SCHOOL TEACHER

"**H**OW would you spend your summer this year if you were 17?" friends ask me: for they know that I have traveled widely during my vacations.

I reply—"take one of those great trips to Southern California—if you think it's warm in summer, you're mistaken."

Records for forty-four years made by the U. S. Weather Bureau in a great central city in Southern California show average mean temperatures of 66 in June, 70 in July, 71 in August and 69 in September. Surely that is cool. And summer is the rainless season too, so if you go to Southern California for only two weeks you can count on two good weeks with nothing to interfere with plans.

You have not seen your own United States until you make this trip. I went from Chicago through the great West—the picturesque Indian Country—to Southern California and from there back by way of San Francisco and the Northern Rockies, and that in itself is like a trip to Switzerland.

But it is in the balmy sunshine of Southern California that you become entranced.

The palm trees, the snow-capped mountains, the orange groves, the old missions, the desert, the ocean

beaches, the big hotels, the canyons, the enormous moving picture studios, and the wonderful side trips by trolley or automobile amaze you. 4,000 miles of paved motor roads—think of it—and such places as they take you to! It is unlike anything you've ever seen even abroad, and I have been to England, France, Switzerland and Italy. There are a hundred new surprises in this enchanted land.

It's worth while if you have only two weeks. *Change of scene*—that's the great value of a trip like this.

I don't care whether you are interested in education as I am or what your particular interest may be. If you want the summer vacation that will make a new man or woman of you, if you want your children to be better educated as to their great United States, go to Southern California this summer.

Going in summer saves money for there are special low round-trip fares on all transcontinental railroads, between May and October.

Ask any railroad ticket agent or mail the coupon below. You'll have the best time of your life and you'll never regret it, that I can promise you.

You will find here fine hotels with rates, on the average, less than in most other sections, and in no other place will you find a wider range in accommodations.

All Year Club of Southern California

Southern California is the new
gateway to Hawaii



ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. M-1206, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me full information about the summer and year around vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name

Street

City State

The Joiner

THERE once was a man who was a joiner. When he was at high school he joined a fraternity and acquired a beautiful jeweled pin, a snappy hat-band and a collection of grips, hailing signs and passwords. Later, when he went to college, he joined four secret class societies and a fraternity.

Then he was graduated and went into business. But the joining habit clung to him. He joined the Masons, the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias, the Knights of Columbus, the Elks, the Beavers, the Moose, the Owls, the Eagles, the Buffalo, the Camels, and innumerable other orders. And each time he joined a new lodge he acquired a new pin, and a new set of grips, passwords and secret signs.

Then it came to pass that he visited a big city where he was unknown. The day was a hot one, and as he walked down the crowded street he drew out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead. Immediately six men, wearing the emblem of the Ancient Order of Camels, rushed out of the crowd, and exclaiming "Brother!" clasped him in their arms. He had inadvertently given the Camel sign of distress.

Not realizing what had happened, and remembering all that he had read about footpads, and the dangers that beset a stranger in a great city, he clutched his left breast pocket where he invariably carried his wallet. Alas, this was the distress sign of the Loyal Order of Jack Rabbits. Seven other strangers dashed forward and embraced him.

By this time he was greatly terrified, and he struggled to escape, but each time he moved his arms or his hands he gave some sign of some order of which he was a member. And so, when the police arrived and dispersed the enormous crowd that had gathered about him, they found his body crushed and lifeless on the sidewalk.

However, his funeral was the largest and most magnificent that was ever held. He was buried with full Masonic, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elk, Beaver, Moose, Owl, Eagle, Buffalo and Camel rites. Seventeen thousand lodge brothers in full regalia marched in the procession.

N. L.

Poem for a Bobbie Burns Banquet

(Synthesized from the Glossary in the Collected Works.)

O AIBLINS ca' the barmie ben,
An' gar yon glaikit quey,
Syne the sair wyliecoat micht ken
Twa drummocks gaen agley—
Wha hae!—
Twa drummocks gaen agley.

Ye canna mell the pawkie smeek,
Ye mauna tent the wa';
But O, the laithfu' lee-lang keek
Maks muckle mools o' a' —
Wha hoo!—
Maks muckle mools o' a'

So wad ye claut ye'r laggen fair,
An' grien the grushie gree,
Gae tonzie frae the unco' wair,
An' waur the whins wi' me—
Guid nicht!—
An' waur the whins wi' me!
S. K.

All About Fish

THE lake boat had stopped at a landing and a man on board was trying to "kid" a young girl fishing from the dock.

HE: Can you catch fish from the dock? SHE: Can if they bite. HE: Do they? SHE: Do if hungry. HE: Are they? SHE: Are if they don't get enough to eat. HE: Do they? SHE: Do of the bait. HE: Got plenty? SHE: For what I want to catch. HE: How many? SHE: Depends on size. HE: How big size are they? SHE: Depends on kind. HE: What kinds are there? SHE: All kinds. HE: What kind you fishing for? SHE: Suckers. HE: Are they hard to catch? SHE: Not if you know how. HE: How do you do it? SHE: By leading 'em on. HE: How do you do that? SHE (as boat leaves): By answering questions.

THE bootlegger who jumps his bail seems to be afraid of this bonded stuff.



THE GREATER AGONIES

"You don't love me any more; you don't even tell me that I make you sick."

—Le Journal Amusant (Paris).



You won't turn him down!

Pretty confident grin on the little Eskimo kid! He knows his live, friendly drink will get a glad "hello" from the crowd. *They all like it.*

Clicquot Club is just about a perfect thirst quencher. Its tang and sparkle and fragrance make a happy combination for killing a thirst.

You couldn't have a purer drink—spring water, real Jamaica ginger, excellent fruit flavors and cane sugar. Those are the good things that go into Clicquot Club.

And the blend has been a favorite for 38 years.

Try Clicquot Club Sarsaparilla too—and the Root Beer and Birch Beer. Order from your grocer or druggist. The Clicquot Club Company - - Millis, Mass., U. S. A.

Clicquot Club
Pronounced Klee-ko
GINGER ALE



Goodrich quality is maintained in every Silvertown Tire. No two grades. No several brands. The same tough, practical, anti-skid tread, the same re-enforced sidewalls, the same Silvertown strength. There is just one word that means a cord tire—SILVERTOWN. The best when it was the only cord tire, it remains the best when there are many.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
ESTABLISHED 1870

In Canada—The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Company, Ltd.
Toronto • Montreal • Winnipeg

Goodrich SILVERTOWN CORD

SOLD BY GOODRICH DEALERS THE WORLD OVER

At the Post Card Photographer's

(Continued from page 16)

LUTIE, could it be put back on if we didn't like it?

LUTIE: How you talk, Mother, like I was being beheaded same as that Maree Antinette was.

MA: Oh, Lutie, you make me shudder, I should like to know where her folks was.

PHOTOGRAPHER: There! that ougliter be dandy.

LUTIE: I wish you'd be took, Ma.

MA: I'd look fine, wouldn't I? I ain't never been since that one of me and your Pa was took, and he cut himself off so there's only one of his shoulders showin', with my hand on it.

PHOTOGRAPHER: The pictures will be ready in about twenty minutes.

LUTIE: Well, we can walk around and come back, and I can get some stamps to go on them.

MA (as they go out): All right, Lutie, but I hate you bein' exposed to the mails like that.

Why the Delay?

THE slowness with which intelligence tests are being applied to all classes amounts to a scientific scandal. Noble work has been done in proving that the army has no intelligence at all. Mr. Edison has also been able to prove to his own satisfaction that college graduates are no better than the army. Babies are now being subjected to intelligence tests, but beyond these few subjects, scarcely anything is being done. What we want now is tests applied to college professors, editors, and the intelligentsia. If any gleams of intelligence can be discovered among these gentlemen, at least we shall have faith to believe that all hope is not yet lost.

A Guide to New York (For Out of Town Visitors)

NEW YORK'S two most important thoroughfares are Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

Broadway is the longest street in the world—if you measure by a taxi-meter. It is also the widest—when you attempt to cross it on foot.

Fifth Avenue is the richest street. So many wealthy women walk there, that one is not to be blamed for thinking many of them shop girls. Most of them are.

Thousands of taxis are to be seen there daily. These can be distinguished by their color, yellow.

For one wishing to obtain a good tour of New York, these taxis will be found extremely useful. All one has to do is to hail a driver, name a destination a few blocks due north or south, and leave the rest to him. When you are eventually deposited in some strange and unknown place you will have seen both sides of the city. Having then spent all you can afford on this form of travel, you may walk to wherever you wish to go and obtain additional glimpses.

New York's cross-town streets were planned (1) for Mayor Hylan's Committee on Playgrounds, and (2) for the purpose of accommodating Mayor Hylan's buses. This is but one of many indications of how far into the future our Knickerbocker fathers looked.

The cross-town buses were introduced to carry out the Mayor's grim determination to give New Yorkers a five-cent fare. One pays a nickel to the bus driver and rides until the desired avenue is reached. Here the visitor disembarks and takes a street car, giving up another nickel for the privilege. Thus an enjoyable and varied five-cent ride is obtained to any given point for ten cents.

Visitors to New York should not fail to see the Aquarium, where the city's floating population is kept. All the poor fishes are not confined in this one place alone, however. Others are to be found at the City Hall.

The Statue of Liberty should be noticed while in this section. It can be seen from the water-front here—a quaint and amusing reminder of the old days.

To give one's fellow townsmen a clue to one's originality, one should state in an interview after returning from New York that it is the "greatest hick-town in the world."

T. H. L.

"Mum" is the word!



EVEN the most attractive woman's personal daintiness and charm are easily marred by perspiration odor.

Every one perspires—that is nature's way of eliminating certain waste acids from the body. But fortunately our personal attractiveness need not suffer from the unpleasant odor of perspiration.

"Mum" prevents all body odors—from perspiration or whatever cause.

"Mum" is the word! Each morning, as a regular part of your toilette, apply just a touch of this snow-white cream wherever body odors occur. Throughout the whole day and evening, no matter where you are—at the dance, the theatre, in the

home—no matter how active you may be or how warm and close the atmosphere, perspiration and other body odors cannot mar your daintiness.

"Mum" is entirely safe. It can be used on any part of the body.

Get "Mum" today. Two sizes—25c and 50c. The 50c size has a screw-top and is more economical—contains three times as much.

And get "Amoray," the new Powder-Perfume Talc whose exotic fragrance lasts all day and evening. Dainty and refined, cool and comfortable. 25c everywhere. Or sent postpaid.

Hair on underarm, face, neck or limbs? There's a safe way of removing it. Evans's Depilatory Outfit comes complete for use at your dressing table. 75c—See Special Offer Coupon.

"Mum" for personal daintiness

SPECIAL OFFER

Send us \$1 and your dealer's name and address and, we'll send you "Mum" 25c, "Amoray" 25c, and "Evans's Depilatory Outfit" 75c Postpaid. Or send 40c for "Mum" and "Amoray." Use this coupon.



Mum Mfg. Co. June, 1923
1108 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

I enclose..... Please send me the articles checked below.

☐ "Mum" 50c ☐ "Mum" 25c
☐ "Amoray" 25c
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☐ Evans's Depilatory Outfit-75c ☐ Special Offer (all three)-\$1.

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MUM MFG. CO., 1108 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA

"Mum" "Amoray" Talc Evans's Depilatory Outfit Evans's Cucumber Jelly Elder Flower Eye Lotion



DRAWING ^{is a way} to FORTUNE

Ali Hafed, a Persian farmer, sold his acres to go out and seek his fortune. He who bought the farm found it contained a diamond mine which made him fabulously rich. Ali Hafed overlooked the great opportunity at his door to go far afield in search of wealth,—which illustrates a great truth.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW

If you do it is an almost certain indication that you have talent, a talent which few possess. Then don't follow Ali Hafed's example and look farther for fortune. Develop your talent,—your fortune lies in your hand!

Earn \$200.00 to \$500.00 a Month and More

Present opportunities for both men and women to illustrate magazines, newspapers, etc., have never been excelled. Thousands of publishers buy millions of dollars' worth of illustrations every year. Illustrating is the highest type of art,—pleasant work, yielding a large income.

THE FEDERAL COURSE IS A PROVEN RESULT GETTER

It is the only Home Study Course which has been built by over fifty nationally known artists,—Sid Smith, Neysa McMein, Norman Rockwell, Clare Briggs, Charles Livingston Bull and Fontaine Fox among them.

FREE—"A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS"

If you like to draw you should read this free book before deciding on your life's work. It tells about illustrating as a highly paid, fascinating profession and about the famous artists who have helped build the Federal Course. We will also send you a sample lesson by which you can test your skill. Just tear out this ad, write your name, age, and address in the margin, mail it to us and we will send you your copy of the book and the sample lesson free. Do it right now while you are thinking about it.

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RITEMOR STATIONERY CO.

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HOW MANY PERSONS WILL SEE AND READ THIS COPY OF LIFE?

Books Received

The Maid of Gloucester, by Henry Lane Eno (Duffield).
Camp Fire and Table Talks, by Harold Brauntton (Oliver H. Patterson, Inc.).
The Quara Women, by Lucy Furman (Atlantic Monthly Press).
The Captain's Doll, by D. H. Lawrence (Seltzer).
Tolstoi's Dramatic Works, by Nathan Haskell Dole (Crowell).
The Wounded Name, by D. K. Broster (Doubleday, Page).
Marriage (Doubleday, Page).
Wild Animal Homesteads, by Enos A. Mills (Doubleday, Page).
Cairo to Kisumu, by Frank G. Carpenter (Doubleday, Page).
Fires of Fate, by Wilbur Finley Fauley (Metropolitan Book Service).
Round the Corner, by Gilbert Cannan (Seltzer).
Under a Thousand Eyes, by Florence Birmingham Livingston (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation).
Desolate Splendour, by Michael Sadleir (Putnam).
Echo, by Margaret Rivers Larmie (Putnam).
The Emperor's Old Clothes, by Frank Heller (Crowell).
The Chaste Diana, by E. Barrington (Dodd, Mead).
The Bird of Passage, by John Schoolcraft (Doran).
Genevra's Money, by E. V. Lucas (Doran).
Dobachi, by John Ayscough (Macmillan).
Wisdom of the Wilderness, by Charles G. D. Roberts (Macmillan).
In the Land of Cotton, by Dorothy Scarborough (Macmillan).
Out of the Silent North, by Harry Sinclair Drago (Macaulay).
The Beloved Brute, by Kenneth Perkins (Macaulay).
Damned (Macaulay).
The Last of the Vikings, by Johan Bojer (Century).
Pirate Princes and Yankee Jacks, by Daniel Henderson (Dutton).
Sweet Pepper, by Geoffrey Moss (Dutton).
"Strictly Business", by F. Morton Howard (Dutton).
These United States, by Ernest Gruening (Bonni & Liveright).
Eat and Be Healthy, by Dr. Virgil MacMickle (Universal Press).
So This Is Golf, by Harry Leon Wilson (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation).
Through the Wheat, by Thomas Boyd (Scribner).
Prophet and Fool, by Louis Golding (Dutton).
Pulling Together, by John T. Broderick (Robson & Adee, Schenectady).
Peer Gynt, by Henrik Ibsen (Scribner).
Dead Souls, by Nicolay Gogol (Knopf).
Six Breeds, by R. G. Kirk (Knopf).
That Silver Lining, by Thomas L. Masson (Doubleday, Page).
Alias Red Ryan, by Charles Neville Buck (Doubleday, Page).
Black Buttes, by Clarence E. Mulford (Doubleday, Page).
The House by the Windmill, by Agnes Edwards Rothery (Doubleday, Page).

E.Z.

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE ORIGINAL WIDE GARTER

No Tightness Anywhere

The soft, wide webbing of the E. Z. Garter rests lightly on the leg, with no pressure on veins or muscles.

These are the original wide garters, and are made in every desired style and material, to please every man's preference and purse. Basic patents prevent imitations from equaling the genuine E. Z.—look for the name on the garter.

E. Z. Garters are made in single-grip and the "E. Z. 2-Grip", in regular and adjustable styles, and the E. Z. Sport Garter. 25c to \$1 everywhere. Also the E. Z. Wide Suspenders, \$1.

Made solely by The Thos. P. Taylor Co., Bridgeport, Conn., Originators of the Wide-Web Idea.

Sure Relief FOR INDIGESTION



BELL-ANS

25¢ AND 75¢ PACKAGES EVERYWHERE

OBEY your INSTINCT!

YOUR body needs energy. It can get it only from food. Leading scientists say that the best of all energy-developing foods are butter and ice cream.

Ice cream is one of our most perfectly balanced staples of diet. It is rich in protein, carbohydrates, and mineral salts. You should eat plenty of this delicious and nutritive food.

Good butter is one of the most concentrated foods known to



mankind. It is all food and no waste. Practically 98% of butter is digestible.

THE best brands of butter and ice cream today are Heathized. Heathization is the new day scientific process of making food in an atmosphere of purity and cleanliness.

say: "Is it Heathized?" **HEATHIZED** for Surety of Purity

Distractions

I ATTEMPT to read a story in a
women's magazine
And I come to where the villain
meets his death;
I would follow to the finish, but
my eager eye is caught
By a pudding simply built to
take my breath.

I attempt to read an essay on "The
Nowness of the When,"
And I pride myself on keeping
wide awake,
But along about the middle I en-
counter, face to face,
A delectable and festive layer
cake.

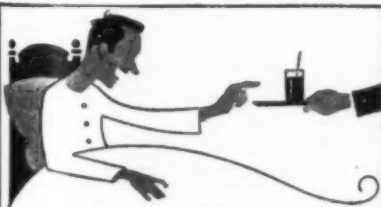
I am all enthusiastic over Mrs.
Johnson Jones
On "Can Women Run a Town,
or Can They Not?"
When my eye deserts the issue; on
the page that now adjoins
Is a plate of tawny muffins, pip-
ing hot.

I would read about a pattern that
appeals to me in style,
For my clothes are very sadly
out of date,
But beside it, done in colors, is a
gelatin dessert
Like a little slice of heaven on a
plate.

In the serials and stories, in the
articles on health,
Are these pictures with insidi-
ous appeals.
They are appetizers, surely, and
I'm overheavy now,
So I think that I shall read them
after meals!

J. L. V.

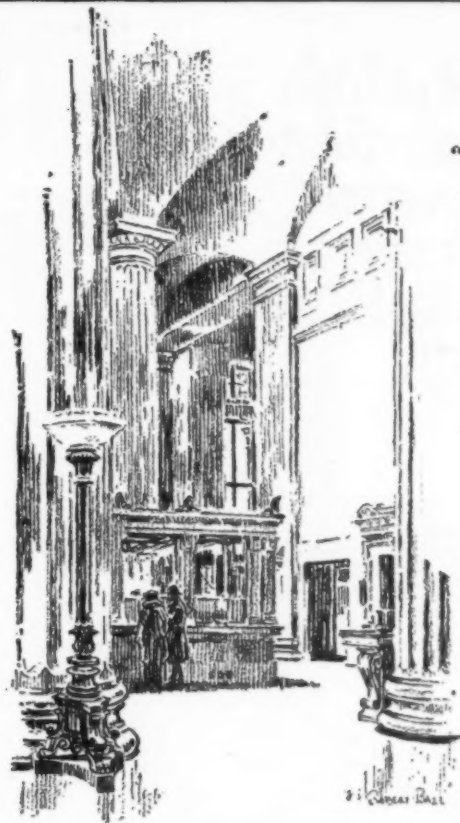
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(Continued from page 15)

order to be present at the impending death of his mother. The man called personally on the President, then Editor Harding, and asked him to suppress the news so that his dying mother wouldn't read it, and Editor Harding did so in violation of the unwritten newspaper law that news is news and cannot be suppressed even if the manufacturer of Uneeda Biscuits should elope with the wife of Pitcher's Castoria. However, the man's mother happily recovered, because at the last moment the mortgagee of the farm relented, and they discovered that it was really Dick who forged the will. This caused the old Duke to change his mind about opposing the match, and when at last the wedding bells rang out over Chorlton-cum-Hardy, never had the tenantry seen a bonnier couple. President Harding didn't mention it, but there are additional grounds for believing that it wasn't only the illness of the man's mother which caused him to return to town on a brake beam. Little baby hands which drew him inevitably to the old home, had also something to do with it.

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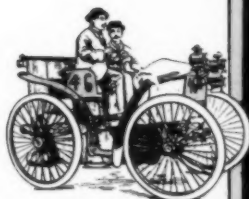
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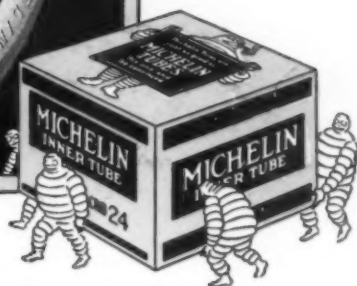
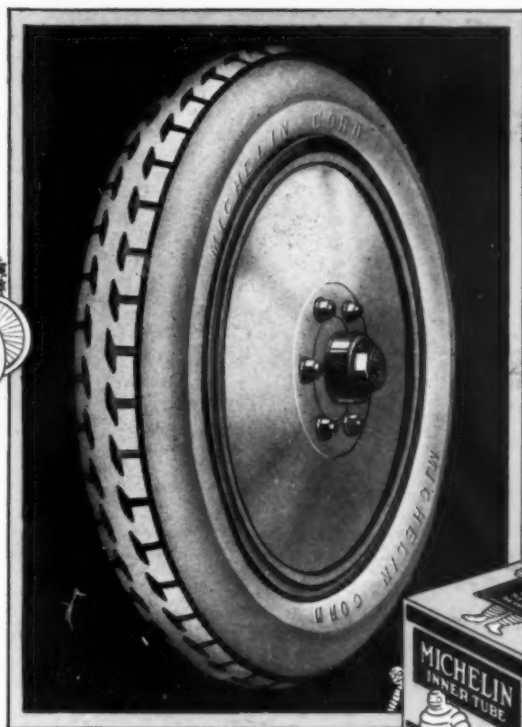
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